

3 FREE CHAPTERS.

**The Doctrine**

**of Sacred Jizz**

**spiritual teachings**

**of His Holiness**

**Semen-Pope Solacian IV**

# by Chuckdaddy

001

This is a work of fiction.

Nothing like this has ever happened,

nor is ever likely to happen.

If anything here offends you, *get a grip*.

Put this book down and read Harry Potter.

The author is entirely aware,

some people have no sense of humor,

and prefer to be chaste vegetarians,

rather than gnaw on healthy red meat.

To each his own. God really does not care.

Any similarity to persons living or dead remains a figment of your imagination.

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003

**1. First Contact** First Contact with the Ambassador of Vega-Prime occurred at 8:42am on May 10th, 2058, on the wide lawn near the Capitol Building of the United States of America. A 100-foot long oval transport vessel landed, the lower doors opened, and the seven-foot tall, attractively humanoid ambassador came down the stairs. He waved to the crowd of bristling military men which were quickly surrounding the park.

The transport vessel had entered our atmosphere so quickly, and landed before military and civilian decision-makers had an opportunity to make any plans at all. Though the Air Force had reported to the President, two weeks before, a large alien space craft was in residence halfway to the Moon. All eyes were on the craft. But, no one in government moved quickly, even as the transport vessel exited the starship, and zipped down to Washington D.C.

Thankfully, a few people had the good sense to remain calm, and wondered if the visitor spoke English, and hoped to engage in conversation. With all those guns pointed at Ambassador Zoltsyn, any number of bad things might have occurred.

As it happened, a junior senator from Montana, Senator Nordholm, was out for a morning jog. He was sitting on a park bench when the craft landed, and being an adventurous young man, walked right up to the vehicle, once the leaves and dust had settled.

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In this position, he was the closest human as Ambassador Zoltsyn walked down the stairs and waved to the military.

Zoltsyn looked Nordholm in the eyes and smiled, and said, in clear English, with a slight Southern accent,

“Good morning, sir. I am Ambassador Zoltsyn from Vega-Prime.” And he extended his right hand, covered in a white cotton glove. Nordholm, without hesitation, shook the hand of the alien, and replied, “Welcome to Earth, sir.”

Zoltsyn continued, “Sir, if it is not inconvenient, I would like to speak to your local authority, so I might make my intentions clear. Also, I wish to abide by any rules you have in regard to parking extraterrestrial vehicles.”

He smiled, again, and chuckled, “I really don't want a parking ticket.”

Nordholm had no idea how to respond to this, as he had never been briefed on intergalactic protocol.

Being a quick young man, he also chuckled, and said,

“Oh, dear sir, I am certain you have diplomatic immunity in regard to parking violations. Please, let me contact my superiors, and make an early appointment for you.”

In over one hundred years of science fiction writing and in Hollywood movies, no First Contact exchange ever went so well, in with such courtesy and humor.

Sleepy Senators and Congress-persons, arriving at work in limousines, saw all of this on the Morning News.

A mad scramble ensued, every politician wanting to be on-camera with the tall, attractive alien.

005

Senator Nordholm walked over to the nearest military officer, and asked to use his phone.

Within an hour Ambassador Zoltsyn was sitting in the Oval Office with the President of the United States. Under tight security. No media allowed.

Some Presidents might have greeted this visitor with politeness and

humor, and said, “My dear sir, I wish you would have told us you were coming. I would have baked a cake, and hired a brass band!”

Unfortunately, President Cotsworth had no sense of humor, and took himself far too seriously, as if he was the *Leader of the Free World*, or some such nonsense.

Scowling across his big desk, the President said sternly,

“We really don't like this kind of intrusion into our air-space, uninvited, with no prior contact at all. Since you know our language, you probably also know our habits, and some diplomatic courtesies, some communication should have preceded your dramatic entrance.”

Zoltsyn smiled, and folded his hands in his lap.

“Pardon me, sir, “ he said, “Our radios operate on entirely different wavelengths than yours, and having never been here before, we have none of your devices available to us. I do not own a cell-phone, or any other Earth-style transmitter.”

The President was too self-important accept this reasonable explanation as a valid excuse. But, he moved on to the matters at hand. “So, Zoltsyn, what is it you want with us? What are you doing here?

What are your plans?”

006

Zoltsyn's face was now, calm, with no humor, and with no aggression. “I am hear to inform you, the governments of Vega-Prime and several other star systems wish to initiate formal diplomatic relations with Earth, and all countries on Earth. I speak to you as the appointed representative of fifty-five governments on forty-six planets, as the diplomatic voice for twenty-five billion free citizens of those planets.”

As if this meant nothing, the President continued, “So, Zoltsyn, you actually have no plan at all. You just came all this way to say 'hello' and shake hands? Ha! I don't believe that for one minute.”

He paused, as if to strengthen the meaning of his words, then added, “Come now, tell me the truth. Are you here to conquer, colonize, establish trade, raid our natural resources? What is it you're after?”

Zoltsyn replied, calmly and smiling, “Please, sir, do not consider me

impatient or uncooperative, but I believe your mother never taught you any manners. When meeting a stranger, and getting to know them, one does not start off with negative assumptions and accusations.

That is common courtesy through-out the Known Universe. And I am certain most mothers on Earth transmit this information accurately to their children.

I do not wish to fault your mother, but clearly your education has been incomplete.”

The President of the United States lost his temper.

If fact, he attempted to yell a few choice words in the ambassador's direction, but found his vocal cords no longer functioned properly. He sat back in his chair, gasping for breath, unable to say a word.

007

Concerned bodyguards moved toward him, but the President waved them away. Still, unable to talk, he scribbled a note on the Presidential Notepad:

“I need a break. Get this asshole out of here.”

And he handed the note the the Secretary of State.

Ambassador Zoltsyn was escorted back to his craft, and encouraged to go back inside, and await further instructions. Senator Nordholm was still in the park.

He decided to skip work today, and see how the meeting with the President played-out. Before going back into his vehicle, Zoltsyn took Nordholm to one side and whispered, “I’m glad I met you first. That President of yours needs potty-training. How, in a nation as large as yours, can intelligent people can elect such leaders?

Spoiled brats with bad tempers and snotty noses? By watching your Evening News for only one month, I notice a large percentage of your leadership remain in pre-school, having little fits and peeing their pants.”

Senator Nordholm smiled, “I can only say, you are not the first person to notice this problem.”

Zoltsyn shook Nordholm's hand, and said, "Thank you, my friend. We will speak again soon. I am sure the video of my conversation with the President will be studied in detail. And some confusion will arise regarding his sudden loss of voice. I will confide in you, and trust the information will go no further: I have what you call telekinetic abilities. I was not going to hear another word from that moron. I simply numbed his tissues for a moment. His normal irritating voice will return in a few hours."

008

**2. Down to Business** Ambassador Zoltsyn's interest in the United States was practical and economic. In the U.S. more people were wealthy than in most places, and those people had a higher probability of being interested in extraterrestrial ideas, than wealthy people in mainland China. Europe also had plenty of open-minded people with money, so his next stop was Switzerland. To open a bank account. He listed his current residence as *Moonbase Alpha*, and he was the only signatory on the account. He deposited 20 trillion dollars in .999 pure gold bars (twice the amount of refined gold on Planet Earth) The Swiss were very pleased. The deposit meant little to Zoltsyn, as gold is less valuable in the Vega system than lead is on Earth. The deposit simply allowed the Ambassador to get down to business, to convert portions of the gold into staggering amounts of U.S. dollars and Euros.

Being an extraterrestrial he was not personally allowed to buy property in many countries, but it was easy to find willing humans. He created a corporation and hired 500 smart humans, paying them each two million USD per year, to handle all his real estate transactions.

Being citizens of most major nations, the employees bought property in every place Zoltsyn wanted property. Most of the properties were in rural areas, within easy driving distance of major cities. Within three years, fifty properties were developed into vacation destinations, hotels and entertainments, with an extraterrestrial theme.

009

Though no extraterrestrial flora and fauna were currently available to create zoos, huge I-Max style theaters offered immersive films of animals, fish, reptiles, a wide variety of lifeforms, jungles, mountain and sea landscapes. In addition to tourists, many biologists visited these exhibitions to learn about off-world forms of life.



Within five years, the Vega-Prime Resorts were the bestselling tourist destinations in Europe and the U.S.

Each resort had between 10 and 30 million visitors each year (far more than the Disney Parks.) These millions of people became comfortable with the look of various extraterrestrial races, and somewhat familiar with the culture of each race. The children, of course, loved all the exotic animals and birds. Humans were most comfortable with people like Ambassador Zoltsyn, the *Vega-Sol race*, who looked human in most ways, other than being seven feet tall, and having turquoise or golden eyes.

By year 2065, 1255 Vega-Sol humanoids were resident on Earth, running the resorts and businesses related to the resorts. The government of the United States kept an eye on the resorts, but saw no reason to interfere.

After all, millions of dollars of new tax revenue came from the resorts! Some effort was made to bring Ambassador Zoltsyn back to Washington D. C., efforts to establish some good relations, and perhaps bargain for alien technology. But, it all fizzled. Zoltsyn had little interest, and he was not impressed with any of the people sent out to talk with him. They were all small-minded gophers, going out to do what they were told to do, with no personal imagination at all.

010

In early October 2066, things changed. Zoltsyn went to Washington D.C. with a specific purpose. He wished to have 588 *Vega-Sol* humanoids, all those living in the U.S., made U.S. citizens. Plus, 50 new arrivals. The new arrivals were the advance *Acolytes of the Semen-Pope*.

Zoltsyn wanted them to be made U.S. citizens, so they could establish a U.S. branch of the *Church of Sacred Jizz*.

The main cathedral would be in Atlanta, Georgia, with three other large churches, in Boston, Minneapolis, and San Francisco. He wanted official recognition by the U.S.

government of the religion of the Semen-Pope.

Most U.S. Senators, and everyone at Immigration Services couldn't stop laughing when they read that in the Washington Post. The Washington Post article did mention, the Semen-Pope had attracted 2.8 billion followers, across eight star systems, more than twice the

number of Catholics on Earth. It was impossible to verify the number of followers, but video clips of the Semen-Pope were impressive.

Laughing aside, when Senators from the House Intelligence Committee learned Ambassador Zoltsyn would make available starship technology, they reconsidered their view of the Semen-Pope.

In private meetings with Air Force engineers and other specialists, it was concluded the design specifications offered by Zoltsyn were far beyond the current capacity of all Earth-made aircraft and spacecraft.

On November 20th, 2066, 639 extraterrestrials were granted U.S. citizenship. This included Ambassador Zoltsyn, and the *Acolytes of the Holy Pope of Vega-Prime*.

011

It was agreed by all parties, the words 'semen' and 'jizz'

would not be used in any government documents related to the new religion. *The Holy Church of Insemination* was the official title of the new religion.

Full status as a religion was granted, allowing the new religion to buy property, accept converts, and open for business.

*Marketing.* Every business, including churches, needs good marketing. To this purpose, Zoltsyn signed contracts with the owners of six major sports stadiums in the U.S. He paid the rental fees in gold bars, plus a billion-dollar cash bonus to each stadium owner.

Zoltsyn also signed contracts with three major broadcast and streaming networks, also paying all fees in gold, with significant cash perks for owners of each network.

Shortly before Christmas, ads began to appear during Evening News broadcasts across the U.S. and Canada, announcing the *First U.S. Tour of the Holy Pope of Vega-Prime*. The video clips showed the handsome, middle-aged Pope surrounded by twenty beautiful *Acolytes* in bright-colored bikinis, with cheerful rock music. The tall Vega-Sol humanoid girls smiled and waved to the camera, while the Pope did some sort of ritual blessing.

Although millions of people were confused by the ads, not sure exactly what this Pope had to offer, millions of people had been to the Vega-Prime Resorts, and felt good about people from that star system. They

gave the new Pope the benefit of their doubts, and felt the Pope probably had a good sense of humor and enjoyed pretty girls.

012

It was not clear in these first ads, what the ticket price would be, nor when the tickets would go on sale.

Between January and April 2067, the ad frequency increased, and the *Acolytes* seemed to be wearing less clothes each time. During the month of April, it was clear, all the alien girls were *completely naked*, with blurred focus over their specific details. The dates were announced for Summer and Fall of 2067. The tickets were *FREE*, available first come, first served, until each stadium was sold out. Tickets were sold-out by the end of May. To get tickets, each attendee needed to verify their age, over 21. The ads now included the phrase, *Adults Only*.

*The Holy Church of Insemination* website came online May 15th. Access to the website required the ticket stub number from each adult. At last, the curious residents of Earth were able to see high resolution films of the Semen-Pope in action. No blurring of the breasts and vaginae of the *Acolytes*. *The Doctrine of Sacred Jizz* was available for the first time, written in clear, concise English. Many people were shocked, and believed a joke was being played. Soon, most realized, this was not a joke at all. A highly sexual new religion had come to town! And anyone with a ticket was welcome to see the Semen-Pope and his beautiful naked women, live, in huge ball-parks, on ten-foot high jumbotron video screens! Getting-off! Getting-off several times!

The broadcast stations and streaming services did their best to apologize to their viewers, saying the station *had no idea the extent of sexual content being offered*.

013

The fact was, the owners knew exactly what was being offered. Ambassador Zoltsyn held nothing back from the stadium owners nor the ad broadcasters. He showed them videos of the Semen-Pope with a stadium of masturbating adults! All the businessmen and businesswomen collected the gold bars, and their cash bonuses. Now, each was attempting damage-control.

The CBC in Canada was the most pathetic, having the Prime Minister of Canada apologize to all Canadian citizens.

*The Prime Minister himself, had signed the ad authorization, after seeing the group orgy video!*

So, all hell broke loose in the media. But, that did not stop millions of ticket holders from going online, numerous times, to verify a seat at their local stadium was still held in their name. Many ticket-holders asked if they should bring lube. They laughed and were grateful to hear *both free lube and free hand towels were provided.*

Although group-masturbation in a sports stadium was not possible for some people, there were still millions of people to fill those seats. Ticket holders who did not verify their attendance two days prior to the event, lost their seats. And those seats were quickly filled from the long, long waiting list. Puritanical citizens in some cities tried to get the events canceled, but again, the stadium owners publicly apologized, but said they were bound by the signed contracts, and could not legally cancel the event. Local law enforcement made no comment, and did nothing.

014

Hundreds of millions of dollars in gold bars had been paid to city and state officials, to make sure the Semen-Pope could stand before audiences of tens of thousands of people.

This was big business. Everyone in the food chain wanted this business to go on. *And come back next year! Maybe twice each year!* In one event, the Semen-Pope made more money for the AT&T Stadium in Arlington Texas than any season of the Dallas Cowboys.

015

**3. Nervous God-slingers** The Vatican was really not sure what to do.

Some Rabbis decided it was time to go into the entertainment business. Even an Imam or two watched CNN coverage from Texas, and could think of nothing to say in their mosque.

To ignore the presence of an Intergalactic Pope would be like ignoring the existence of the Dalai Lama. Makes for bad interfaith relations, and makes the Vatican look stuck-up and foolish, and terribly old-fashioned. Still, a Roman Catholic Pope shaking hands with a *Pope of the Doctrine of Sacred Jizz*, was more than most Catholics were ready for. The Catholic version of “sacred jizz” had many more rules, and threats of damnation, and was never talked about as freely and openly. The child sex scandals of the 19th and 20th Centuries did not

help matters.

By the Doctrines of the Church of Sacred Jizz, the leaders of Catholicism were hell-bent sinners, entirely guilty in the Eyes of God, for allowing the abuse to continue on and on, one decade to the next. Non-consensual child sex was punishable by death on most planets. All the hundreds of thousands of group-sex rituals within the Church of Sacred Jizz were for grown-ups only. Everyone participated because they wanted to, and knew exactly what sucking cock, eating vagina, and vaginal and anal intercourse entailed.

016

During the first two months of TV ads and public appearances, aware he was visiting a generally conservative and puritanical planet, the Semen-Pope did not wear his usual clerical vestments, the shimmery, iridescent, diaphanous robe, through which his Followers could clearly see the Pope's long, dangling and surprisingly thick penis. His Fifteen Acolytes covered-up their vaginae with flowers or bright-colored panties. They did not cover-up their lovely large, firm, tan young breasts.

On view-screens, from cell-phones, to laptops, to wide-screen TVs and jumbotrons in stadiums, the Acolytes raised their arms, smiling and waving to the citizens of Earth, their breasts swaying and jiggling joyful. Some Islamic nations attempted to blur all the dark brown female nipples, or obscure the breasts entirely; to no avail. There were too many naked breasts, and those breasts were far too popular.

Tens of millions of heterosexual Earth boys of all ages thought this was the best thing since Sliced Bread!

A Church of Jizz, and hot, hot friendly, naked girls from Vega Prime! No widespread, widely accepted Earth-based religion had ever made sex so very cheerful, welcoming and fun: *Promiscuous Fucking Blessed By God*. A Sacred Ritual. Spurting semen, and vaginal orgasms the most religious acts of all.

Clearly, most Catholics, Protestants, and even Episcopalians were not ready for the Church of Sacred Jizz. There was no way for them to compete with a sexy, well-thought, well-respected religion from distant galaxies.

017

Taoists, Hindus and Buddhists were generally more eager to embrace

the Semen-Pope than Christians, Muslims and Jews. (The Semen-Pope had declared Jewish circumcision a horrid child abuse, the mutilation of genitals. Absolutely unthinkable within the Gospel of Sacred Jizz!) Group-masturbation events continued at major soccer and football stadiums across Europe and North America, with two in South America and one in Australia. The aliens paid rental on these ball-parks in advance with solid gold bars, and added a two billion dollar bonus in cash for each stadium owners. No owners of stadiums passed on this business deal. The public was invited to attend for free, with free lube and soft hand-towels provided at the door.

The events were adults-only, and the alien security were experts at removing all sneaky teen boys with telescopes before the ceremonies began.

Nearly half the population of the U.S. and Canada attended one or more of these ceremonies. And everyone who attended truly enjoyed watching the Semen-Pope and his Acolytes have loud, sacred orgasms on the big jumbotron screens. The Vatican arranged for special closed-circuit broadcasts of each Holy Group Masturbation Ceremony, to be viewed only by the Holy See and the College of Cardinals.

The Holy Father of Rome shook his head sadly, and whispered to his personal secretary, "This will be the end of us, Ignacio."